

## Resist

Petula Clark

Oh, I love his hair, oh yeah  
The kind of hair I long to touch  
I love him so  
And yet I know  
I must resist, resist, resist

I love his eyes, oh my  
The kind of eyes I can't describe  
And though they say,  
"Come along my way",  
I must resist, resist, resist

He has a smile, oh my  
He has a style I've never known  
And though I feel  
This thing is real,  
I must resist, resist, resist

I love him so, oh  
I feel a blow just bein' near  
And though my soul  
Keeps cryin' out for him,  
I must resist, resist, resist  
Resist